VOL. IV. Numb. 13.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

Perform'd by a SOCIETY of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday April 27th. to Monday April 30th. 1711.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. I *Obſerve there is a ſeeming Difference in the Account that the Evangeliſts* Mathew *and* Mark *give of* John *the* Baptiſt's *Death, which I deſire you to reconcile. The former repreſents* Herod *as deſirous to put him to Death, but hindred from it for Fear of the People: The other lays the whole Blame of his wicked Murder upon* Herodias.

A. This Difficulty is eaſily ſolved by obſerving firſt, that *Herod* himſelf was unwilling to kill the Holy Man, but was forced upon it contrary to his Inclination, by a ſort of Neceſſity that he laid under. For he had a Reverence for him as being a Prophet ſent from God; and as ſuch his Religion hindred him to exercise Cruelty upon him. But *Herodias* by continually importuning him leſſened the Reverence he had for the Prophet's Divine Miſſion; and though ſhe had by his Means rendred him a ready Inſtrument of her Rage and Cruelty; yet there was a new Obſtacle that laid in the Way, which was his Fear of ſome popular Tumult upon the Baptiſt's Murder. And here the Words of St. *Mark* are to be obſerved; *Herodias*, ſays he, *laid Snares for him*, as *Calvin* interprets the Word ἐνεῖχεν: That is becauſe *Herod* was not himſelf forward to the Murder, ſhe either endeavoured to circumvent him by ſiniſter Arts, or attempted to get him aſſaſſinated privately. The former Conſtruction of theſe Words ſeems more reaſonable, that ſhe endeavoured by oblique Inſinuations to corrupt her Husband, but in vain ſo long as his Conſcience ſway'd him: But when that was vanquiſhed, a new Fear ſucceeded, leſt a Tumult might ariſe. But *Mark* only touches upon that which hindred *Herod* from immediately giving way to the Importunities of his Harlot. For *Herodias* had wiſhed, that as ſoon as *John* had been caſt into Priſon, he might be puniſhed privately.

Q. *From whence is the Word* Magnes *(which both in* Greek *and* Latin *ſignifies a Load-ſtone) derived?*

A. It is derived from *Magneſia* a City of *Lydia*, where this Stone is ſaid to have been firſt found. Thus *Lucretius* teſtifies.

Quem Magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graïj,
Magnetum quia ſit patrijs de finibus ortus.

It was alſo called by the *Greeks* Ἡρακλεια λίθος, by the *Latins*, *lapis Heraclius*, becauſe it was alſo found near *Heraclea*, another City of *Lydia*.

Q. *When a Lawyer was bribed to ſay nothing in his Clients Cauſe, it was a common Phraſe among the* Romans *to ſay he had* Bovem in lingua; *an Ox in his Tongue; of the Original of which I deſire to be inform'd.*

A. The Original of the Phraſe was at *Athens*, in which Place the Money that was Current was commonly ſtamped with the Figure of an Ox. In like manner the Coin of *Ægina* (which was an Iſle near to *Athens*) being ſtamped with the Figure of a Snail, gave Original to the Proverb, *Virtutem & Sapientiam vincunt Teſtudines*; that is, Vertue and Wiſdom are vanquiſhed by Snails.

Q. Gentlemen *I am now Twenty two Years of Age, all which Time I have behaved my ſelf ſo that my Relations have no Crime to accuſe me of but ſpending my Money as faſt as I get it. They often intreat me to ſave ſome againſt Cloudy Weather: I own the Advice is good, and deſign to follow it for the future, becauſe I believe it proceeds from a Fear of my being troubleſome to them in Sickneſs, or the like, more than real Friendſhip. I have been Ten Years a hir'd Servant; all my Wages I have received amounts to Fifty Pounds, Part of which I have ſpent in Apparel, the Remainder in ſuch Company as have taught me to know good from evil. I think it a Sin to aim at that which is beyond Honeſty's reach; therefore deſire nothing more than I enjoy at preſent, Health and a contented Mind. I care not what becomes of my Body after Death, knowing my Soul is Immortal, and my Hope is in God. Pray excuſe this haſty way of Preſenting my ſelf to you, and inform me whether I have ſpent my Money fooliſhly, or what I could have purchas'd more for my Advantage? and that I get for the future ſhall be laid out as you adviſe.*

A. Your Relations Complaint is not unreaſonable; and what you alledge in Defence of your ſelf is not ſufficient to excuſe you. It is not probable that the Station and the Circumſtances you are in can qualify you for any Company that you can be much improved by, or that is worthy your ſpending any Money upon. Had you laid out your Money upon a Perſon whoſe profeſſed Buſineſs it is to inſtruct People in any valuable Accompliſhment that might be for the Improvement either of your Mind or Fortune, it had been well ſpent. But for the future we adviſe you to conſider that a Service is no Eſtate of Inheritance, and your Dependance on God's Providence is preſumptuous, if not attended with your own Prudence and Parſimony in the Management of what you have. You ought to make ſome Proviſion againſt the approach of Old Age, though nothing ſhou'd intervene the mean Time to hinder your ſubſiſting your ſelf by your own Labour. Take the Advice of your Friends; after your Expences for Neceſſaries are diſcharged, lay up the reſt againſt Cloudy Weather.

Q. Apollo, *I have courted a Lady, and am extremely puzzled to find the meaning of one odd Humour ſhe has (tho' for ought I know it may reign in the whole Sex, for ſhe is the only Perſon I have ever made Addreſſes to) and the Humour is this, or rather the freakiſh Diſpoſition. When I make my Court to her, with all Demonſtration of Love and Conſtancy, ſhe appears very Coy and reſerv'd: When I have been tir'd with that Carriage to her, even to a Reſolution of deſiſting further Attempts, and for the better diverting my Mind (for I find it very*

dresses else where; she no sooner heard I have been likely to succeed, but strait she have employ'd some of her Intimates to accuse me of Inconstancy, giving me also fair Hopes of better Success, if I wou'd return to my former Engagement; when I have appear'd before her again, after some Chastisement, for my Roving, she has appear'd kinder to me: But she has no sooner found me absolutely within her Power, but she has return'd to her former Reservedness and seeming slighting of me: If I attempted to rove again she has presently reclaim'd me as before. Now, pray, what may be the Reason of this odd, unaccountable Carriage, that she shou'd slight me, when she had most Reason to be kind to me, and seem'd to esteem me more, when I less deserv'd it, at her Hands.

A. There is a kind of Ambition reigns in the Fair Sex, which, tho' they seem to slight the Conquest themselves, will not suffer it to be ravish'd out of their Hands: Besides when they find you were valued by others, they may thence imagine more Worth in you, than they discover'd of themselves before: To this we may add, that they saw no Occasion to make use of their Politic Arts, when they were secure you was absolutely within their Power; but when you appear'd to have broke your Chains, 'twas high Time to send out their Scouts to secure you, or they might be in danger of loosing their Conquest. But we advise the Ladies not to trust too much to their Influence over our Sex, at least not so far as to proceed to cruel Usage, for there be many Examples of such, who on this Score, have only purchas'd Repentance at last, and not seldome, when it has come too late for their Satisfaction.

POEMS.

Gentlemen, *The following* VERSES, *if worth your perusal, are submitted to your View; and an Answer will much oblige,*

Your humble Servant.

COLIN, *a* Bard, *in Sighs confess'd his Pain*
From slighted Vows, and still as cold Disdain:
He did in vain the Beauteous Nymph pursue
With constant Love, and equal Merit too:
Phœbus *to him resign'd his tuneful Lyre,*
And warm'd his ample Breast with Sacred Fire.
The Graces all strove to adorn his Mind,
And in his Person each their Beauty's join'd.
His Soul with all the Muses *Treasure fraught,*
Brightness of Parts, sublimity of Thought;
To his dispose their Dowry they commit,
Sweet Numbers and the sprightly turns of Wit,
Fortune and Fame always at his Devoir,
To bless each Wish and favour each desire.
Thus blest by the indulgent Fates above,
But doom'd and curs'd to an ill-fated Love:
For the proud Fair was arm'd with high Disdain,
And she relentless heard the am'rous Swain,
In softest Notes of his hard Fate complain.
In melting Verse he sweetly Sung his Flame,
While Ecchoing Vales return'd the lovely Name;
None was unmov'd except the Cruel Dame.
Tho' Fauns and Elves that people every Grove,
Forsake their Haunts, to hear his Well-tun'd Love;
The Rural Savages about him throng,
Charm'd with the tender Accents of his Song.
Sad Philomel, *attends his Mournful Airs,*
Hears now like her he Sings, and how like her Despairs;
All but the Nymph that should her wrongs redress,
Their Pity and their Sympathy express,
Despise his Verse, regardless to his Vows,
The Maid no Pity or Compassion shows,
No Power of Verse could Charm that Savage Mind,
Where so much Pride with so much Beauty join'd;
Just so your Phœbus *with his God-like Art,*
Could never reach his Daphne's *Frozen Heart.*
She flying would not be inclin'd to stay,
To hear the Music of Apollo's *Lay.*
Say, Phœbus, *thou canst best Divine the Cause,*
Why Beauty won't submit to Reason's Laws,
Tho' to its force, it join the Muses *aid,*
The Muses *want the Power to persuade;*
Why is it not in Harmony or force of Lays,
To heal our Passions or their gentle Pity *raise.*

A. Beauty, which *Gods* as well as Mortals awes,
Scorns to submit itself to *Reason's* Laws;
Her *Will* in *Reason's* Place, Dispotic stands,
Disdains to treat, being us'd to free Commands;
In vain the *Muses* may record their Lays,
She knows 'em Brightest, when they sing her Praise;
And can you, when they own her Pow'r, believe
That their *Ascendant*, will Submission give!
Can they, by tuneful Strains, the Victors be
O'er Her, who is her self all *Harmony*!
All you can hope (nor can we promise more)
Is to attend, and silently adore;
Patience and Zeal in Time may Favours gain,
And prove all your Fatigues are not in vain;
But if at last, Admission she denies,
Believe it no small Bliss, to Sacrifice
Your self, to that Bright *Pow'r*, Triumphant in her
[Eyes.

The Title, Preface and Index to the Third Volume, will be published this Week. Sold by *J. Mayo*, against *Water-Lane, Fleet-street*; where you may have the First Volume in 8vo. at 6 *s.* the 2d. and 3d. in Folio, Gilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, at 12 *s.* each.

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